

Science Versus Fraud

A Vast Fortune Was Saved by Recently Discovered Scientific Treatment

By F. A. MITCHELL

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Something over a century ago a maid an lady named Hinchelwood, the last of her line, died on her estate in the environs of London. The property was put on the market for sale, and, since the neighborhood was an aristocratic one in which a few old families had for many years resided, it was deemed undesirable by the other land holders in the vicinity that the Hinchelwood estate should pass into the hands of a parvenu or be built upon for business or manufacturing purposes. Twenty gentlemen clubbed together, each putting in £500, and bought the property. Then they put it into a trust, each nominating a baby or girl less than one year old, who was to inherit his interest. The last one of these children to remain alive was to be deemed the property by the trustees.

The expedient did not long delay trade from entering the neighborhood, the framers of the trust gradually moving away or dying, and at the beginning of the present century the Hinchelwood estate, surrounded as it was by business property, was valued at £1,000,000. Two of the nominees were living, Nicholas Baxter, aged ninety-two years, and Timothy Ogilby, aged ninety-two years and six months.

Here was \$5,000,000 dependent upon two lives that were sure soon to go out. It was to be expected that those who were heirs to these persons should take a marked interest in their longevity. If Baxter outlived Ogilby the estate would go to a great-granddaughter living in America. If Ogilby lived the longer he had willed the whole property to a grandnephew living in London. The American candidate was Miss Gladys Hinchelwood, aged twenty, a descendant of the family who had originally owned the property, whose parents had emigrated to the new hemisphere before her birth. Both the aged men lived in London, in houses situated on the Hinchelwood estate and across the street from each other.

One morning Miss Hinchelwood called at the Institute for Experimental Research and asked for Dr. Willard Searle, one of the staff. Dr. Searle was at the time substituting a new liver taken from a subject whose death had occurred but a few minutes before for a diseased liver in an otherwise healthy man. As soon as the operation had been completed he went to the reception room, where he met Miss Hinchelwood. Since Dr. Searle was a bachelor of little more than thirty, a call from a young lady who possessed a remarkably intelligent if not beautiful face was not displeasing to him. The young lady announced the object of her call by giving an account of the formation of the Hinchelwood trust and her present interest in it. Then she continued:

"Many of our vast American estates have passed into the hands of British men by their marriage with our heiresses. Here is a property, which hangs in the balance between an Englishman and an American girl, myself. Mr. Baxter and Mr. Ogilby are in London. If my great-grandniece, Miss Gladys, lives longer I shall inherit \$5,000,000. If Mr. Baxter survives him I shall get nothing."

Dr. Searle's interest was excited. "Now, I have read," continued Miss Hinchelwood, "in magazines and other places of the wonderful work you are doing here in this institute. I understand that you are studying the very source of life. I have come to you to ask if you know of any method of prolonging a life that must soon pass from the body."

Dr. Searle leaned back in his chair, looked at the ceiling, then at the speaker, and said:

"Well, go on."

"These two old men are likely to die within a few days, hours, minutes or even seconds of each other. Whoever survives the other owns the estate, which he may transmit to his heirs or, rather, has already willed. One in my interest in London has informed me that unfair means will be used to keep Mr. Baxter's death a secret in case he dies before Mr. Ogilby. I desire to meet these unfair methods by scientific methods. I mean by this I would prolong Mr. Ogilby's life."

Dr. Searle arose from his chair, paced the floor meditatively for several minutes, then said:

"Of course I should have to go to London."

"That you know better than I."

"I have been thinking of taking a rest."

"You would get that on the ocean."

"In one week from that day Miss Hinchelwood, accompanied by her mother, met Dr. Searle in London, and the three drove to the residence of Mr. Ogilby. He was in the care of a woman who had been his housekeeper for many years, his wife having died some forty years before, and he had never begotten any children. Mrs. and Miss Hinchelwood at once assumed charge of the old man, dismissed his physician and placed him under Dr. Searle's care. That he might not be obliged to rely on any medical assistance in a foreign land, thus revealing any secret

methods he might use, he brought with him one of the younger members of the staff of the institute.

The Americans found the situation about as it had been described. Both men were on their "last legs." When the party drove up to the Ogilby residence it was evident that a commotion had been caused in the Baxter house opposite by the heads that appeared at the windows. The heir in case Baxter survived Ogilby was a Colonel Drummond of the British army, an old man who would soon turn the property inherited over to a host of grandnephews and nieces, who had descended upon the house like vultures on a dying horse.

No sooner had Mr. Ogilby's case passed into the hands of the girl who would inherit in case of his survival beyond his rival for the property than every movement in and about the house was eagerly watched from across the street. Dr. Searle wrote to the physician in charge of Mr. Baxter, suggesting that a person representing the Baxter interest be admitted to the Ogilby residence, and vice versa. These persons were to be called in to certify to the death and the hour, minute and second of the death of the men on whose lives depended an immense fortune. This the English doctor agreed to, and the representatives were appointed and admitted.

Miss Hinchelwood continued to be informed of the fact that the heirs on the opposite side of the street were hatching all kinds of devices to conceal the exact time of Mr. Baxter's death and that a living person would be placed in his bed if necessary to represent him. Upon this Dr. Searle stipulated with the physician in charge of the Baxter interests that the representatives should not only see the patient, but hear him speak.

The case had resolved itself to one between rascality and science. Dr. Searle felt that if he could cause his patient to remain alive a little longer than Mr. Baxter he would be fully justified in meeting fraud by this means.

As soon as Dr. Searle took charge of his patient he made a careful examination of the different parts of his body to determine their condition. He found the kidneys diseased to an alarming extent. Acting on his experience in the institute, he substituted new kidneys.

The patient having suddenly become afflicted with bronchitis, the doctor put in a new throat. These two improvements made a marked change in the patient's condition, though it was feared for a time after each operation that the time after each operation in order to give him strength to bear up under the effects of the second operation. Miss Hinchelwood gave him a pint of her blood, which was transfused from her to him by Dr. Searle.

A fortnight after these operations those watching the patient opposite were alarmed to see Mr. Ogilby drive out under the care of his nurse and Mrs. Hinchelwood. Miss Hinchelwood had not yet regained the blood she had lost.

It must be confessed that this patching up an old man with new kidneys and new windpipe did not make a new one of him. Besides, the operations could not have been performed successfully without the administering of stimulants. Dr. Searle did not expect to prolong Mr. Ogilby's life for any great length of time. He simply expected to tide him along until after his rival in the race for life had died. He was therefore not surprised one morning when his patient collapsed and life could not be expected to remain in his patched and stimulated body for more than half a day at most.

However, it was evident from manifestations opposite that Mr. Baxter was in the same condition. Oxygen tanks were soon being carried into the house, and this was in itself a bad sign for the life of the patient. Finally matters quieted down, and Dr. Searle, believing that Baxter was dead, started one of the servants out into the street with a report that Mr. Ogilby had died early in the morning. The announcement was immediately made that Mr. Baxter had just breathed his last, and the Ogilby representative was admitted to the room where he lay, finding him stiff and stark.

As soon as Dr. Searle knew that Baxter had passed away he summoned the representative in the Baxter interests into the room where Ogilby lay.

Now, the deaths of the two men, though Dr. Searle did not know it, occurred within half an hour of each other. But there was no reliable evidence which had died first. When the Baxter representative was called into the sick chamber, or, rather, the death chamber, Mr. Ogilby had expired forty minutes before. Just before he entered the room Dr. Searle made an incision over the dead man's heart, inserted his hand and clasped the organ. Then he began to squeeze it gently at intervals, representing the heartbeats, at first some twenty, then thirty, then sixty to the minute. Presently color began to come in the cheeks, and the eyes opened.

Withdrawing his hand and covering the body to the chin, the doctor directed that the Baxter representative be admitted.

"Speak to me," said Searle. "Are you still living?"

"I am dying," was the response.

The doctor held up his watch to all present and asked them to note the time.

When it was known to the Baxter heirs that there were witnesses to the fact that Mr. Ogilby was alive two hours after they had admitted that Mr. Baxter had died they were wild with rage, pronouncing the whole affair a detestable Yankee trick. But they lost the Hinchelwood estate.

ROMANCE OF A SHOVEL.

An Idea That Won a Fortune For a Railway Laborer.

The simplest labor-saving device may quite possibly be worth a fortune. One day a good many years ago a number of men were at work on the roadbed of a line of railway in course of construction between Birmingham and Manchester. They were cutting through a hill and moving the material by loosening it with picks, shoveling it into barrows and wheeling it away. The shovels they were using were known as Irish shovels, with a square cornered blade about fifteen inches long. The work progressed but slowly, and the subcontractor in charge rebuked his workmen for not making quicker progress. One of them replied that if he would grind off the corners of the shovels it would be easier to get them into the earth, and, consequently, they would be able to work more quickly.

The contractor ridiculed the idea, which he considered a piece of insolence on the part of the workman, but the navy was quite in earnest and not easily discouraged. When the work was completed he discussed the matter with a friend of his at Sheffield, who persuaded an ironmonger he knew to make a dozen or so as an experiment. The tools were offered to a large contractor, who promised to let some of his men use the new shovels and report results.

About a week afterward the contractor returned with the information that his men were fairly quarrelling as to who should use the new tools, some arriving to work a quarter of an hour before time in order to be there first when the tool box was opened. The navy's suggestion had proved a good one. A patent was secured and an agreement made between the navy, the manufacturer and the contractor. When the navy died he left a fortune of over £65,000, the proceeds from royalties on the manufacture of shovels under his patent.—Pearson's Weekly.

DEATHBED SCENES.

And the Question of Prolonging Life to Its Utmost Limit.

Even the lengthening of a man's life by a day may make death easier by giving him the opportunity of settling a guilty conscience, of sinning a will, of redressing an injustice, of healing a breach of friendship, the memory of which might embitter another life, of saying farewell to a son or daughter who had come in haste from a great distance. Any one who has seen deathbeds knows how anxieties of this sort may darken the last hours and how their removal may reconcile the sufferer to death. It seems to us that this talk of the right to die and the wrong to prolong life is hanging by a thread springs from the unwholesome sentimentalism and the inevitable accompaniment of selfishness which are among the unhappy notes of the present time.

To the older writers the death agony was the final struggle of the soul leaving the body, and by a confusion of thought due to the acquired meaning of the word it has come to be generally believed that the parting of the spirit from the material part of man is painful. Those whose lot it has been to stand at many deathbeds know that this is not the case. Sir William Osler says that he has careful records of about 600 deathbeds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of dying and the sensations of the dying. Of these ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other.—British Medical Journal.

Chinese Criminal Law.

Curiously like the Mohair and Roman customs, the fixed laws of China are carved in stone and set up in the streets. Chinese criminal law, which is founded on the "Chao Kiang," or ritual of Confucius, is based upon the ancient confessions, and no punishment can ensue until this is brought about. Before the condemned are decapitated they are offered all the samachu they desire to drink, and in most cases they are allowed to choose whether they will ride in a ricksha or be carried in a sedan.—J. S. Thomson's "The Chinese."

Severing Old Ties.

Willie was sent off by his mother to the woodshed to saw and split some stove wood out of a pile of old railroad ties. Going outdoors shortly after, she found the youth sitting on the sawhorse with his head bowed down in his hands. She asked her hopeful why he didn't keep at his work.

"My dear mother," he replied with much feeling, "I find it so hard, so very hard, to sever old ties."—Lippincott's.

Plenty of Purpose.

"I have here a poem," said a man to the editor of the High-brow Magazine.

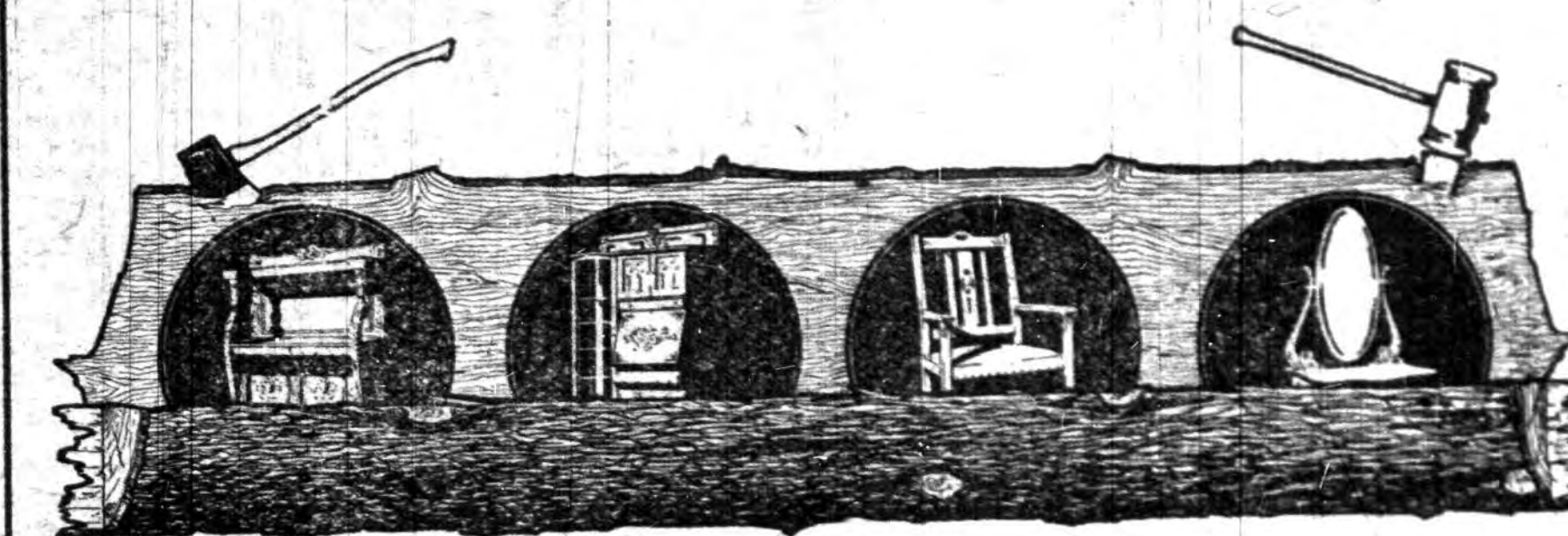
"It is, sir. It was written to pay my board bill with."—Kansas City Journal.

Humility.

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little and others much.—Archbishop Leighton.

His Protest.

Mrs. Benham—Before you married me you said that I was a queen. Benham—Well, I no longer believe in a monarchical form of government.—Chicago News.



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